



ST. JOE, WIN OR LOSE—ST. JOE ALWAYS

VOL. XVI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1923.

No. 6

VARSITY SWAMPS FORESMAN INDEPENDENTS IN OPENING GAME, 42-14

St. Joe opened the basket ball season here Thanksgiving evening by defeating the Foresman Independents 42-14. The locals displayed a fine brand of basket ball and completely outplayed their opponents in every department of the game. The Purple and Red team held the visitors without a single field goal in the first half, while they themselves scored twenty-six points.

The five man defense of the Saints had the Independents paralyzed and very seldom were they able to penetrate it and reach the basket. Though the game was not regarded very seriously by the collegians, being more of a practice affair, still it showed local fans that the chances for a team of high calibre are excellent.

The real treat of the evening was the playing of "Vince" Jordan at forward. This speed king from West Virginia has the makings of a star, his defensive work was vicious and coupled with this he displayed an eye for the basket that was deadly. Hoffman started the season in his usual bang up style and was all over the floor at once. Hipskind, Weier and Lauer played a great defensive game and were instrumental to a large degree in the success of the stone-wall defense of the Purple and Red. Metz, Ted Liebert, Roach and Klen all broke into the game for a short period and each gave a good account of himself.

Foresman. St. Joseph's
 Davis R.F... Roach-Weir C.
 Long L.F..... Jordan
 Lyons C. . . . Metz-Hoffman
 Harriman R.G.... Liebert-Lauer
 Ekstrom (C) L.G..... Hipskind

Scoring: Field goals, Jordan 9;
 Hoffman 8; Weir 3; Metz 4.

Foresman: Lyons 2; Long, Ekstrom;
 Fouls: Davis 3; Lyons 2; Long.

"Are you the colored porter?"
 "No sah, I was born that way."

ST. CECILIA ORGAN AND CHOIR RECITAL, DEC. 25, 7 O'CLOCK

1. a. St. Cecilia Offertory No. 2	Batiste
b. Minuette in D	Mozart
(P. C. Tonner)	
2. Jesu Dulcis Memoria	B. Kothe
(College Choir)	
3. a. Toccato No. 2	P. C. Tonner
*Intermezzo	P. C. Tonner
(P. C. Tonner)	
4. *Ave Maria, Vocal Solo	Rev. J. A. Henkel
(Rev. J. A. Henkel)	
5. a. Evensong	Johnstone
(Albin Ratermann)	
b. Reverie	Minor C. Baldwin
(Urban Wimmers)	
6. O Mary Virgin Sweet	Rev. J. A. Henkel
(College Choir)	
7. a. Alpine Fantasie and Storm	Flagler
b. *Pilgrim Chorus	Wagner
(P. C. Tonner)	

*Violin accompaniment played by Urban Wimmers.

Music is akin to poetry; in each there is an art of nameless graces, which responds only to the master's hand; in each there is a human longing, and a queer, pleasant dreaminess which play on the soul. There is little wonder that such great poets as Dante, who knew life and the soul so well, always spoke of music as one of the joys of heaven, for music is truly written in the language of the angels. And too, it is little wonder that the immortal musicians, such as Mozart, Beethoven, and others, are able to lift us into a happier and a more aesthetic realm by their works, though these masters themselves, have been dead for centuries. It was indeed these very masters who stirred our emotions on Sunday night, and also the masters in our own midst, Father Justin Henkle and Professor Paul Tonner.

With the opening of Batiste's "Offertory Of St. Cecilia" we realized with greater certainty than ever before, what a wonderful musician we have in Professor Paul C. Tonner. A certain, intangible delicacy, yet force

THANKSGIVING PROGRAM

The eve before Thanksgiving the Columbias entertained the college students and faculty with their "Regnar Rah! Rah! Boy!" The participants played their respective roles exceptionally well, and, judging from rumor, everyone was highly pleased. In the play there was the regular college spirit which actuated these students of Milford U., there was the everlasting grouch and kicker, and there was the ever-present optimist.

The plot of the play was neither deep nor intricate, but the action was very commendable. And, in closing, the Cheer congratulates, not any participant in particular, but every member of the cast. It was fine.

Willie was almost through with his reading lesson when he came to a word that he could not pronounce. "Barque" prompted the teacher. Willie looked at his classmates and laughed. "Barque," "Willie," exclaimed the teacher, harshly.

Willie, looking up at the teacher finally cried out, "Bow Wow."

(Continued on page 2)

DUNBAR MALE QUARTET
AND BELL RINGERS

It is doubtful if any musical feature has ever been presented to the American public which has won greater favor or obtained a wider following than that of musical bell ringing. The art was brought to America first in the '40's by the late P. T. Barnum. While touring England he heard a group of a dozen church bell ringers practising upon hand bells and he conceived the idea of using a large peal of bells and playing more elaborate music. He had a set of bells cast in England, where the world's best bells always have been made, but in conformity with his unfailing originality as an advertiser, he dressed the players, both men and women, in the costumes of the Swiss. Many years this company toured the United States in wagons before railroads were at all general. The art at that time was so successful that our grandfathers recall most vividly the visit of the Swiss Bell Ringers to their native towns.

It seems that thereafter the art fell in disuse and it was not really perfected or revived in any worthy way until 1898, when Ralph Dunbar and his brother founded the famous Dunbar Bell Ringers at St. Joseph, Mo. These brothers went to England and had made a peal of bells which was among the best ever cast.

These bells were made under their own personal supervision by the same bellfounders that cast the great bells of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral in London, as well as practically all of the well-known church bells of the world. The peal embraced more than five octaves, chromatic and through the middle register there were as many as six bells of the same note. The vogue of the Dunbar Bell Ringers was the most notable of any similar company which has appeared on the American concert platform. They gave more than 2,800 concerts up to 1912 when both Harry and Ralph Dunbar resigned their places in the quartet to others. The company up to then had traveled 490,000 miles in America and Europe. The Dunbar brothers collected hundreds of pages of newspaper material published regarding their tours, but the patrons of the Redpath Bureau are sufficiently familiar with this widely known concert company to recall the marvelous musical effects which this quartet of players obtained from their splendid peal of bells. We shall listen to them on the night of Dec. 16.

Student (At Dentist)—"What's it cost to have a tooth pulled."

Dentist—"One dollar."

Student—"I've got only fifty cents; would you mind getting the tooth started for that. I'll finish the job myself."

ST. CECILIA ORGAN AND CHOIR
RECITAL, DEC. 25, 7 O'CLOCK

(Continued from page 1)

of touch, characterized him as he played with the grace and ease of a master. Invariably we held our breaths, lest the very pounding of the hearts within us should break the melodious flowing of notes, and when each piece was ended, we felt like crying out with Shakespeare, "That strain again! That strain again!"

It is fairly certain that each and every one of us was somewhat envious of Professor Tonner when he played his own beautiful compositions. His were truly great honors. As the touching melodies of the Toccata and the Intermezzo were breathed from the organ, we did not think of Toccata or of Intemezzo or of the organ, but of the lasting and inexpressible beauty of the soul. When this is the case you can be sure that the compositions are of the immortal and true kind. Professor Tonner may justly be proud of his accomplishments, for they are great.

Of all the music, that which praises the Blessed Virgin is the most elevating and ethereal. Father Justin's new composition, the Ave Maria, is a gem. As sung by the composer himself, this tribute to the Mother of God is a true prayer, expressing our gratitude to her, and asking her to aid us. Father Justin's voice had that pleading, yet joyous quality which makes the Ave Maria so pleasing. Congratulations are due him for the fine directing of the choir, which rendered two interesting and praiseworthy selections, the second of which, "O Mary Virgin Sweet," is one of Father Henkel's own compositions.

Compliments are likewise due in large part to Urban Wimmers and Albin Ratermann, for the program's success. Both rendered delightful organ selections, and Mr. Wimmers, with his violin, enhanced the beauty of several of the organ numbers played by Professor Tonner.

This, the first recital of the year, was indeed pleasing and deserves a repetition for the public. In any case the students would appreciate another recital of this kind before the close of school. Though the strains of music that we heard Sunday evening are of the past, there will linger in our minds, melodies that are unforgettable in their infinite tenderness.

WANTED!!!!

One gallon of best quality vinegar guaranteed to remove spots from tablecloth. Any other suggestions to keep tablecloth clean, other than reversing sides, cheerfully accepted.

TABLE NUMBER TWO,
per Ambrose Schilling.

Adv. tf 264.

FIVE MINUTES LATER

"Dearest Darlingest Parents,

"How are you? I am alright and hope you are to. I sure hope you aren't sick and ain't going to get sick real soon. Keep well and enjoy this beautiful day and if you do get a letter or something, why just don't pay any attention to it because you don't understand the circumstances. Maybe its just a plot to turn a darling mother's affections from her devoted son, so if you do get a letter from the college not addressed in my hand burn it up and throw the ashes away. This is awful weather anyways. Any one could get mighty sick in this rainy weather.

"I wonder when the grades will be posted. But I don't care. They are awful nuisances anyway. Nobody ever pays any attention to them. A little grade don't mean anything. Usually there ain't anything there to worry about. Up here they just give grades because they did it last year and the other schools are most all doing it, so St. Joe had to keep in style. Besides grades are nuisances to everybody and you know there has got to be some nuisances in the world so they just let grades stick in. I never pay any attention to grades—I'm too busy studying. Some fellows are always worrying about their grades and are always writing home bragging about how good their grades are but I never do that.

"We are having real nice weather up here but there isn't much more news. We had a football game Saturday and—Oh yes! I almost forgot. The grades are up! The perfect posted them this morning. As usual I wasn't expecting very good ones and here I get a whole row of beauts. The perfect and every other prof in the faculty has been around this morning to tell me how good I was and how they wished that they could have made the same kind of grades when they were in college, one of them said I knew more than he did and if I wanted to I could just drop out of his class but I believe I will just stay in to encourage the other fellows. The president came around to congratulate me awhile ago but I was too busy studying to remember all he said. I did make some pretty good grades. Here they are:

Latin—0.
Greek—5.
English—C.
Math—C.
Conduct—5.
Religion—50.
History—76.
Application—5.
Discipline—5.
Manners—5.

"When you first look at them they don't look so good but when you look

(Continued on page 3)



AEROPLANE VIEW OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE AND GROUNDS

The most recent addition to this group is the new power-plant, shown in the upper right-hand corner. Completed only a few months ago at an aggregate cost of \$125 000, this plant, modern in every detail, has elicited most complimentary remarks from the State Boiler Inspector.

A few facts may prove interesting: The building is equipped with three 150 H. P. boilers, plus one 100-H. P. boiler for summer use; two 50 K. W. and one 30 K. W.

Generator Units, Direct Connection, together with Motor Generator for night use. Besides engine rooms, this splendid building houses various shops; not a minor feature are the living rooms, assembly rooms, etc.

The coal-bins, on the same floor and adjoining the boiler room, have a capacity of 1,500 tons. The smoke-stack is 140 feet in height. A main tunnel, 8 by 12 feet, and 190 feet in length, leads from the plant to a point where branch tunnels lead to the various buildings.

FIVE MINUTES LATER

(Continued from page 2)

at them and know how they are read you can see why all the profs are worrying what to teach me next. That "O" in Latin means "None" or in other words it means that I didn't have a single mistake not even a misdotted I. I was awful worried there once tho. I couldn't think how 'Predico'; was spelled but I finally figured it out. You can always trust me in an emergency like that.

"I had five mistakes in Greek so I got that 5 but the prof don't like me much anyway—I behave too nice in his class. He's one of these fellows that always wants every body in the room to be ready to answer a question. I'm awful modest about my learning, and then sometimes I don't hear him when he calls on me so we don't get along together very well. I think he found greek "i's" that I had forgotten and three Greek "T's" that I had forgotten to dot and three Greek "t's" that I had forgotten to cross so he took off 5. But I'll watch him closer the next examination.

Those "C's" in English and Math stand for the hebrew word "exwrykz." I don't suppose you know much about Hebrew but anyway that word means "Above grading." The professors

didn't have any grades that would fit my papers so they just gave me those Hebrew letters.

That history was the funniest thing ever. We had seventy-five important dates to remember and the prof gave us them in exam. When I was writing I happened to think of one date he had forgotten to give us so I put it down making 76 in all. Well he gave me full credit.

That 50 in Religion means that I answered fifty questions out of a possible fifty. I was kinda expecting a "C" but I guess the religion prof never studied Hebrew so I can't blame him.

What tickled me was them four fives in Application, Disciplin, Conduct and Manners. They mean that I'm five times better in any one of them subjects than any other ordinary student. And all the profs had been kidding me and telling me how mischivous I was but I fooled them and got some high marks.

I kinda hated to get such good grades because all the fellows will start calling me jerker, teacher's pet, or something like that but I knew my parents were sending me to school with their hard earned money to learn something so I just went right ahead and got them grades. And speaking of money, dad, I haven't felt my pocket book for over a month because there

hasn't been anything there to feel. And dad, I just saw some real nice books I would like to read. They are down at the news stand and I hate to be cheap or second hand so maybe if you would send me ten dollars I could buy them. Well it is almost time to start studying so I must close and start studying. May you continue in good health.

Your devoted son,

R. JONES.

P. S.: After I had mailed this I began thinking what a great sum ten dollars was to spend extra on a fellow's education and maybe I would be tempted to spend some of it on candy so I decided to tell you I could do without it and be content with my ordinary studies.—But this letter had already gone so just send the ten on anyway. And you might put something in for candy so that I won't be tempted to spend the ten.

Ralph.

Contributed by H. Carmichael.

IN MEMORIAM
APPLE PICKERS' UNION OF
COLLEGEVILLE
Chief Picker: Carl Willacher.
Assistant: Anthony Quinlisk.

The College Cheer

Published twenty times during the scholastic year at Collegeville, Indiana.

Rates: Per Year.....\$1.50
Single Copies.....10

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Address: Editor, The College Cheer,
Collegeville, Indiana.

Collegeville, Indiana, Dec. 7, 1923.

EDITORIALS

A Mark of Appreciation

Again we are indebted to the Indiana Catholic Publishing company. Because of their kind regard we were privileged to reproduce, in the preceding issue, the photo of our staunch Alumnus, Father Albert Deery. For such unmerited kindness we take occasion to thank this Catholic newspaper which is so commendably playing its role in the battle now being waged in behalf of an influential position for Catholic journalism.

The Basket Ball Season

Football, having relegated King Baseball to the realms of oblivion until next spring, has himself run the course assigned him by Dame Nature. But the sport world, ever active and pleasure-seeking, will not be defeated. Scarcely has the last whistle blown on the gridiron, and another whistle calls our athletes to the basket ball floor.

Because of the long season basket ball enjoys in the scholastic year, this sport has gained marvelous popularity among educational institutions. And St. Joe offers to the enthusiast of basket ball opportunities inferior to those of no other college. A splendid floor, unhampered by seating accommodations for spectators, invites all to share in the sport. Every student has a wonderful chance. Those who cannot "make the Rep team" are offered positions on the various league teams, positions on the teams composed, in as far as possible, of players of equal calibre.

As in all athletic pastime, the possibilities offered the student by participation in basketball, are many. There are possibilities, indeed, of much unsportsmanlike play; and only through avoidance of this foul play does the student reflect that character which singles him out as a gentleman. Demanding as it does quick thinking and rapid action, basket ball equips the student with those qualities essential to victory in the game of chance—Life.

Regarding our prospects of a winning representative team, they are unusually cheering. With a complete team of letter-men retained from last

season's machine, and very favorable new men, Coach Radican will undoubtedly present an A-1 "Rep" team.

A Message To Students

In our preceding issue there appeared a splendid letter of Father Albert Deery. Lest time should dim the memory of this master-piece of "brotherly love," we hasten to comment briefly upon the weighty significance of this popular priest's words. Imbued with that certain spirit of charity and good-will which courses through every phrase, the choice remarks of Father Deery are such as ought deeply to be impressed upon every student and every alumnus.

"Let us all strive," he writes, "to cherish that spirit which this world lacks at the present hour," the spirit of brotherly love. College life is essentially what the students, by their actions and dispositions, make it. Of course, we all desire happiness, contentment, the while disparaging the chronic pessimist. Only through fostering and displaying genuine fraternal love can a student-body be linked together in the one laudible aim of making college days moments of never-to-be-forgotten joys. Expressions of gratitude, then, to him who has so admirably coined our poor, rambling thoughts, to our live-wire alumnus, Father Albert Deery.

The Art of Letter Writing

Quite intimately linked with the student's career, and exacting a position on his curriculum second perhaps only to studies, is the practice of letter writing. Some regard this practice as a positive pleasure, others view it as a necessary evil. Whatever be our own personal estimate, we must concede that letter writing as such is quite germane to boarding school life.

Of the three forms of letter—the business, the social, and the friendly form, we shall confine our discussion to the type which we use mostly, that is, the friendly letter. An indispensable requisite of this form, one which must manifest itself in every paragraph, is ease of style. The style must not be cramped, stilted, or forced. A free and easy flow of language, simple and understandable, and with just that acceptable degree of cordiality and heartiness which makes one enjoy reading, is essential to all correspondence. There must be no flowery expressions of rhetorical feeling, no labored passages of fine writing interlarded with poetic sentiments. We should write as we feel, as though we were speaking directly instead of writing.

Frequently we hear the pitiable question: What shall I write about? The best principle, and indeed, the only correct one, is to write of that which interests the reader, not of that which

may perhaps afford more pleasure in writing.

News items play but a minor role in the formation of the ideal letter. A mere catalog of daily events is quite apropos for a newspaper, but the letter should be much more than this. Little bits of personal glimpses, jottings relative to individual feelings, these must radiate from every page, thus displaying the character and the personality of the writer.

Personality! This is indeed the keynote of the art of true letter writing. Each letter must be written in a personal manner—that is, it must represent the sender. After all, what is a letter but a proxy for our little tête-à-tête now made impossible by distance? It is our own personality which imparts that certain warmth and cordiality to a message, without which the cold, silent words send forth naught but chills.

A fine suggestion on letter writing appeared in a current magazine. We are urged to read carefully each letter we receive, and to remember those expressions which appeal the more strongly to us. These we should use in our own letters, for a good appeal is generally universal.

Besides exercising caution in keeping the "Ego" subdued, we must strive to effect a graceful close, for an awkward ending often mars an otherwise perfect letter. Certain strained expressions must be forgotten. Isn't it really tiresome to read such hackneyed closes as, "Hoping to hear from you soon," or "Hoping that you are well," etc.? Contrariwise, a cordial close, one ringing with individuality, leaves a pleasant taste to the reader.

Finally, let us take note of the pithy phrase: "Littera Scripta manet," "The written letter remains." A very pretty sentiment is attached to this. Not only the letter itself remains, but the thoughts contained in that letter, the kind, unselfish thoughts of friendship remain, and linger long in the heart of the reader. We should so compose our letters that they will be read, re-read, and cherished a long time after as a fond memory. And since we can never tell into whose hands a letter may fall, we should exercise discretion in all our expressions. Others cannot understand the intercourse of close friends, or relatives.

So it is that we observe in the apparently commonplace practice of letter writing an art distinctive in itself, an art which opens to the writer of a letter as well as to its recipient an avenue of unique pleasure.

Speed Myers (applying for a job): "Say how's chances for a job?"

Foreman: "Yes, I'll give you a job sweeping and keeping the place clean."

Speed: "But, I'm a college man."

Foreman: "Well, then, maybe, you had better start at something simpler."

JESTS AND JINGLES

No. 1. Talk about the seven wonders of the world. Did you hear about Froehle's carrying the ball for that dashing, picturesque and vivid run of 80 yards. The kid was a half-back in the C. L. S. play the evening before. As he put on the football suit for the play he immediately got aspirations, and on Thanksgiving morning he signed up to play end on the Castellonites who were opposing the Lyonians. Ah—now comes the heroic part of the comic tragedy. The Castellonites received as voices bellowed forth: "Kick it to Froehle;" the football sailing high and far through the crisp morning air landed or rather settled in the hands of the mighty Daytonian. He received the ball on the twenty yard line and never looking to the right or to the left, how Art did run. Say, that guy didn't know what stop meant. Passing all eleven of the astounded and dumfounded Lyonians he did not stop until the referee caught him when he had passed the goal line. No doubt he would still be traveling had he not been caught. Verse forms that history making touchdown won the game—(since Shakespeare always ends up in rhyme)—And put Froehle in the hall of fame.

Stranger to Collegian—"And What are you going to do when you finish college?"

Collegian—"Take up land."

Stranger—"And may I inquire, how much?"

Collegian—"Oh, just a shovelful at a time."

Prof.—"Dan, you're the most valuable man in the class."

Castello—"How's that Father?"

Prof.—"Well you talk in your sleep and keep all the rest awake."

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Kelley—"Say Kenney here's a good one. What walks like a chicken, eats like a chicken, has feathers like a chicken and barks like a dog?"

Kennedy—"I don't comprehend. Spring it."

Kelley—"A chicken."

Kenney—"Where do you get that dog stuff."

Kelley—"Oh, I just got that in to fool you."

Some economists at St. Joe have produced the most extraordinary circle in the world—

Rags make paper

Paper makes money

Money makes banks

Banks makes loans

Loans make poverty

And

Poverty makes rags.

Photography is the art of taking a likeness and changing it into a satisfactory picture. This don't hold a bit good for this year's grad's.

Kind Old Lady (In railroad station)—"What are you crying about, Sonny?"

Youngster—"I was driven from college."

Kind Old Lady—"Oh, how terrible!"

Youngster—"And the taxi driver charged me two dollars too much."

Although some theologians still maintain that Adam was born in the morning, it is now generally believed that he was born a little before Eve. "Chaparral."

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JORDAN CHAMPION CUE ARTIST

"Vince" Jordan playing a consistent cue all during the tournament succeeded in annexing the Senior title by defeating Albert Bushkuhl Thanksgiving day, (75-56). The victor was awarded the first prize, a fancy shirt. Bushkuhl received the second prize, a pipe; and Marcotte captured the third prize, a dollar bill. The first tournament was in all respects a success, and Managers Hartman and Schilling are to be congratulated for having promoted it.

BASKET BALL SCHEDULE

Manager Carl Willacker announces the following schedule as we go to press. The schedule is by no means complete, but this will give the local fans an idea of what is to come.

Nov. 29. Foresman Independents, here.

Dec. 7. Monon Rails of Lafayette here.

Dec. 15. Remington High school here.

Dec. 16. Whiting at St. Joe.

Pending Dec. 21. St. Peter and Paul A. C. at Huntington.

Jan. 9. Loyola University at Chicago.

Feb. 15. Weidner Institute here.

March 1. Loyola University here.

Besides these, negotiations are on with Lewis Institute, Culver Military Academy, Lake Forest, Valparaiso U., Northwestern College, and Indiana Law School.

PALS

Vince Jordan is a pail of mine,
A real good pal and true;
A comrade that does not repine,
With him I ne'er feel blue.

A. BASTIN.

ODD ACCIDENTS

I saw a cow slip through the fence,
A horse fly in the store;
I saw a board walk up the street,
A stone step by the door.

I saw a mill race up the road,
A morning break at gloom;
I saw a night fall on the lawn,
A clock run in a room.

I saw a peanut stand up high,
A sardine box in town;
I saw a bed spring at the gate,
An inkstand on the ground.

DIXIE LAND

O Dixie, thou art fair
With all thy fragrant air,
So lovely and so sweet,
Thee reverently I greet!

Eighth wonder of the world,
Thy glory all unfurled;
To me a source of bliss,
From far I send a kiss.

HERBERT CARMICHAEL.

C. E. JOHNSON, M. D.

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READ'EM AND SLEEP

Desperado: "Halt! If you move you're dead!!"

Boldrick: "My man, you should be more careful of your English. If I move it's a positive sign that I am alive."

Professor: "I noticed you were talking during my lecture this morning." : "I beg your pardon. I do not recall it. I must have been talking in my sleep."

Two young Froshies were engaged in a very heated argument over the feats of their respective families.

"Listen," said Frosh No. 1—"I gotta a great-great-granddad who was a minute man in the revolution."

"Go home, my brother is a ten second man at Harvard;" replied Frosh No. 2.

Kenney: "Say Dad, why aren't there any marriages in Heaven?"

Daddy: "Because it's Heaven."

Father (reading Klen's letter from college): "Johnny says he got a beautiful lamp from boxing."

Mother: "I just knew he'd win something in athletics."

James Hipskind: (at dismissal time): "Don't rush, boys. It isn't gentlemanly. Lemme first."

A young lady walked into the music store and asked the clerk: "Do you know if you have any 'Yes We Have No Bananas'?"

And the clerk replied: "Yes, I know we have no 'Yes We Have no Bananas.'"

Rick was called upon in English class to answer a question, which he didn't know. He defended himself admirably: "He never calls on me when I know the lesson, and he always calls on me when I don't. Oh he's always picking on me."

Yeager: "I wonder why he doesn't use a nut-picker."

"Do you have much trouble with your patients in the insane asylum?"

"No, they are all busy writing movie scenarios."

Meiers: "Why the deuce do I struggle with this job?"

Kahle: "Don't get discouraged. Think of the mighty oak. It was once a nut like you."

Latin Prof.—"Now, De Francisco will you decline the verb 'amo'?"

"Yes Father, I'm afraid I'll have to."

Singing Prof. (Disgusted)—"What are pauses?"

John Brenner—"They grow on cats."

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WITTY AIDS

Gunderman: "Is Brooklyn the next stop?"

Porter: "Yes, suh; brush you off suh?"

Gunderman: "No, I'll get off myself."

JUST A DREAM

Last night I dreamed the queerest dream

I thought that it was light
That I was in my room at school,
And stood up to recite.
The funny thing to me was this,
I talked a perfect streak,
And answered all the questions that
I didn't know last week.
I wished I could, while I'm asleep
Examinations take!
I know I could much better do.
Than when I am awake.

LOUIS A. BRENNER.

The magician was producing eggs from a hat. He addressed Mike Walz in the front row. "Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?" he asked.

Walz: "Oh yes."

"How's that?" asked the magician.

Walz: "She keeps ducks."

THE COLLEGE BELL

The boys at college seldom tell
What oft they think of Brother's
bell;
It wakes them from their peaceful
sleep,
Oh, sink it in the ocean deep!

It calls them daily from their play,
Attention they must promptly pay,
For if they're late, do what they will
They must forsooth then push the
quill.

Yea, each one knows its meaning well
And wishes it a long farewell;
If only it would cease to ring,
That noisy and unpleasant thing!

CLEMENT L. KOORS.

Sure Thing

Neither Sambo nor Rastus could read the time of day or anything else, but Sambo had a nice big dollar watch he exhibited with a great air of superiority.

"What time am it?" said Rastus.

Sambo hesitated and then extended the time piece saying:

"Dar she am."

Rastus looked at it carefully and said:

"Darned if she ain't."

SUMMER DAYS ARE GONE

The leaves on the trees have been turning
Red, yellow, and amber and gray;
They shake like a heart that is burning,

While wrenched in a tortuous way.
The leaves on the trees are a-falling
Like tears from a dying man's eye;
They whisper farewell at the calling,
And leave the sad trees with a sigh.
The leaves on the trees are descending,

They rest like a weight on my heart,
For the bright summer days had their ending,

And the glories of autumn depart.

FERD A. HARTMANN.

Riddles

1. What is the longest whip used on children?

2. When do carpenters have to take a day off?

3. If a mason falls off a staging into the mortar, how does he feel?

4. What part of a book is most likely to get out of order?

5. Which is more impudent, a pie or a cake?

1. A rod. 2. When they get the shingles. 3. Mortified, of course. 4. Appendix. 5. A pie, it has more crust.

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